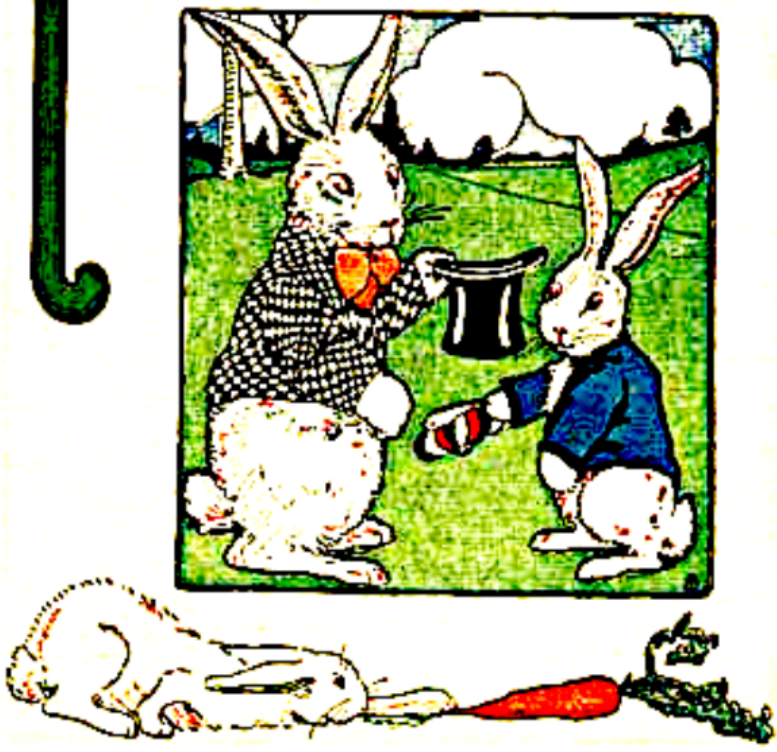
Gunston Classics

PETER RABBIT AND HIS PA



By

Louise A. Field

Gunston & The Book Bunnies

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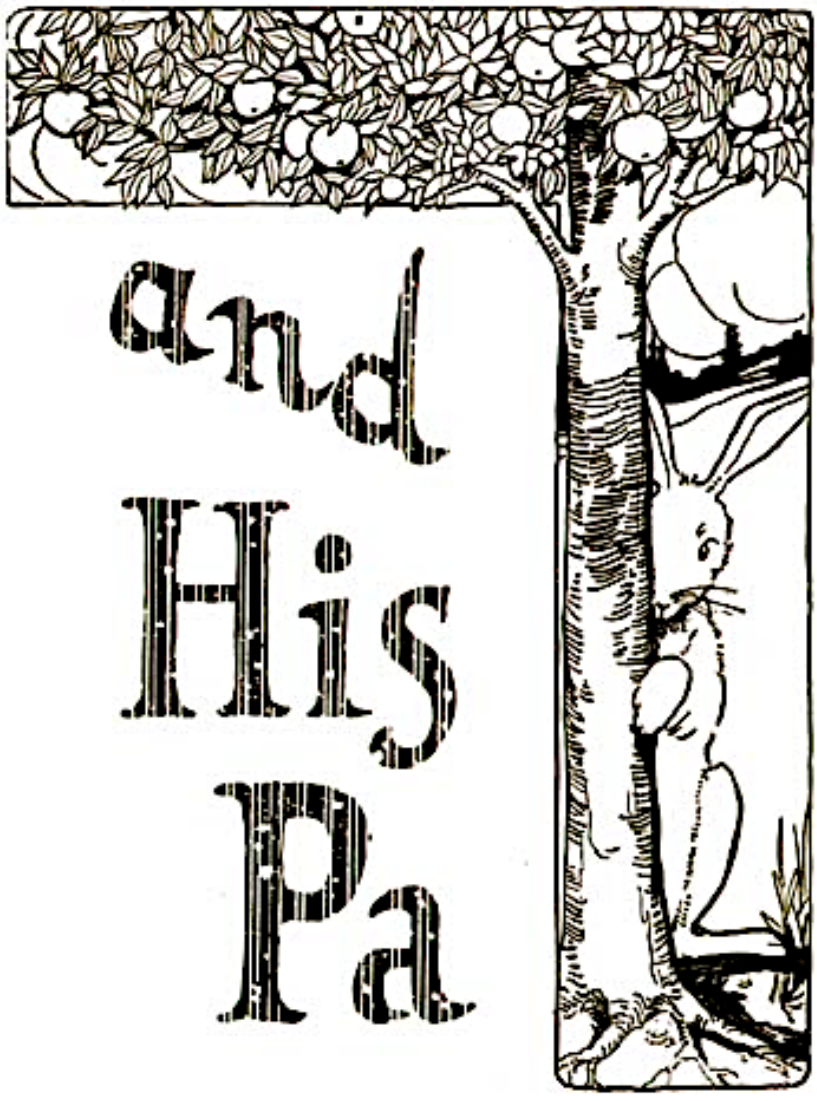
Peter Rabbit and His Pa


and
His
Pa

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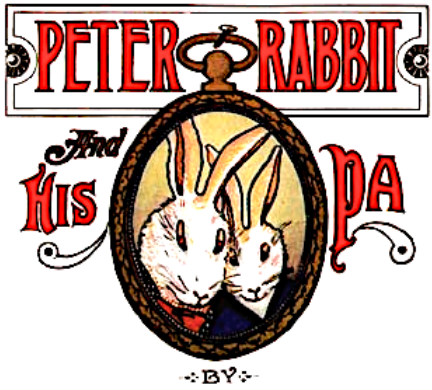

BY

Louise A. Field,

With Illustrations by Virginia Albert

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Peter Rabbit & His Pa

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PETER RABBIT

AND

HIS PA

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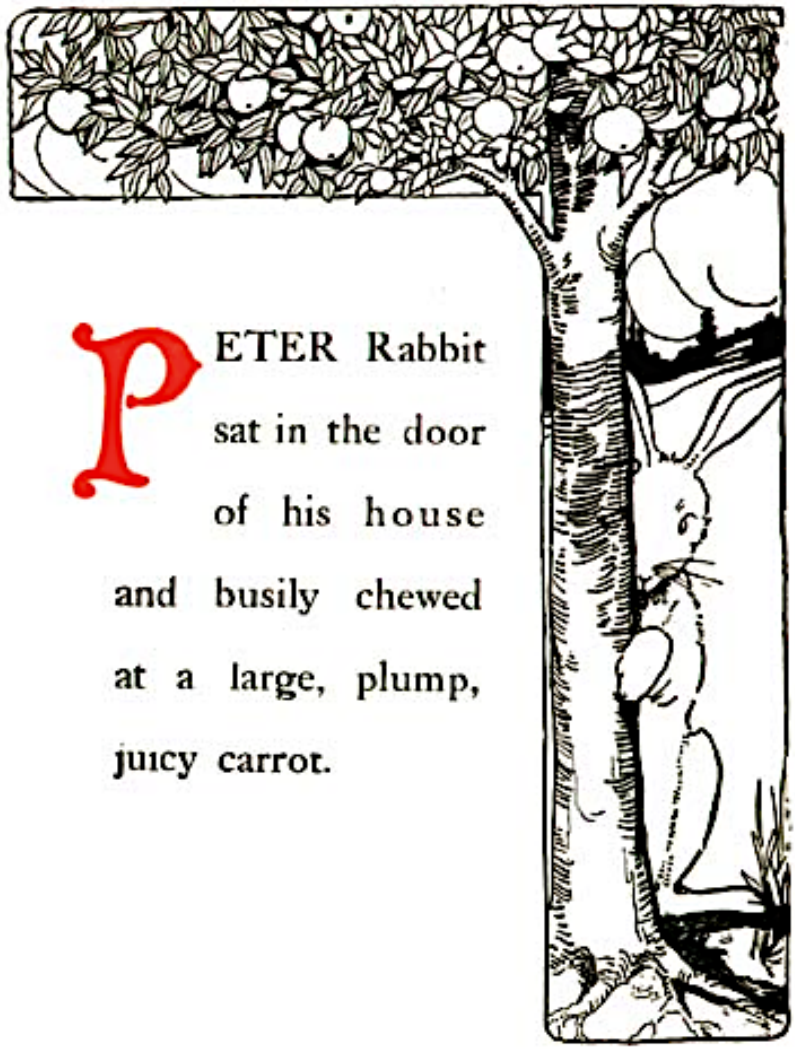
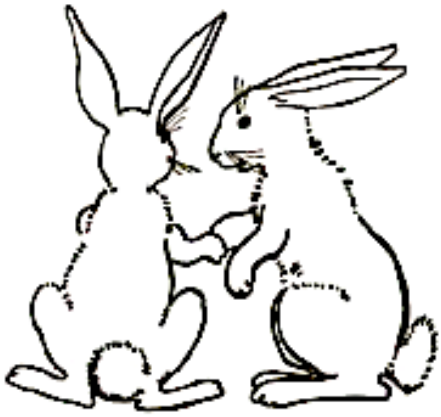


PETER Rabbit sat in the door of his house and busily chewed at a large, plump, juicy carrot.

When I say the door of his house, I mean the hole in the sand-



bank in which he dwelt with his Ma and his Pa and his

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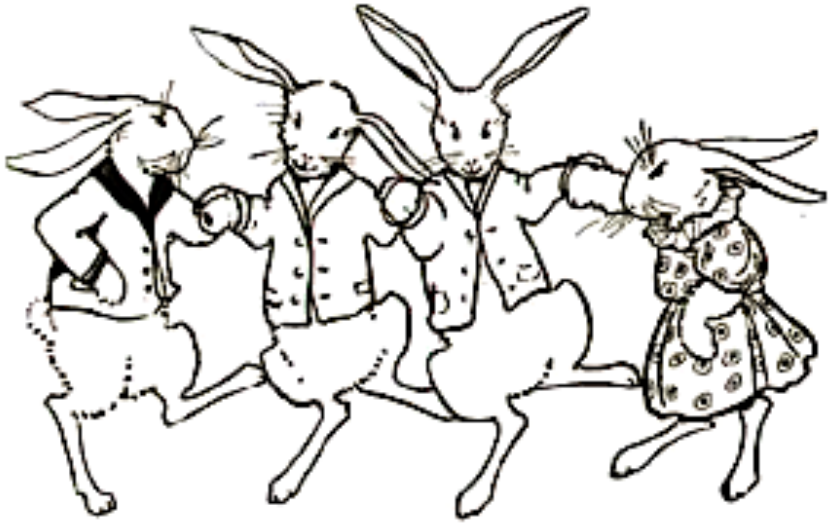

Brothers, Flopsy and Mopsy,

and his little sister, Molly

Cottontail.

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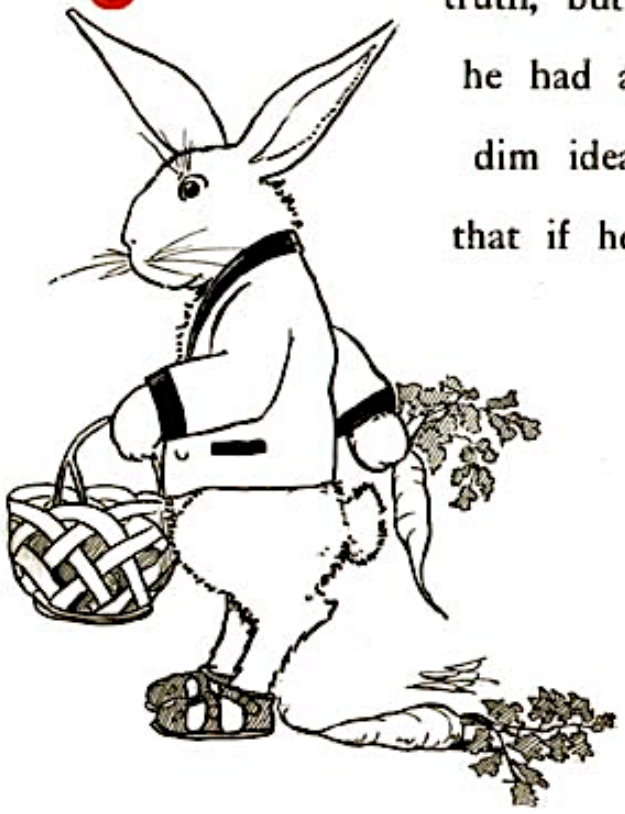
THE sandbank was at the foot of a big fir tree whose low, densely covered branches almost swept the ground and completely concealed the entrance to the dwelling in the sandbank.

Therefore Peter sat there in the utmost security and nibbled his carrot.

HE was not in the least hungry, to tell the truth, but he had a dim idea that if he



neglected to finish his meal, Flopsy and Mopsy and Molly

Cottontail would be pretty sure to come along and do it for him. Somehow Peter had never been able to conceal anything for very long from his spry relatives.

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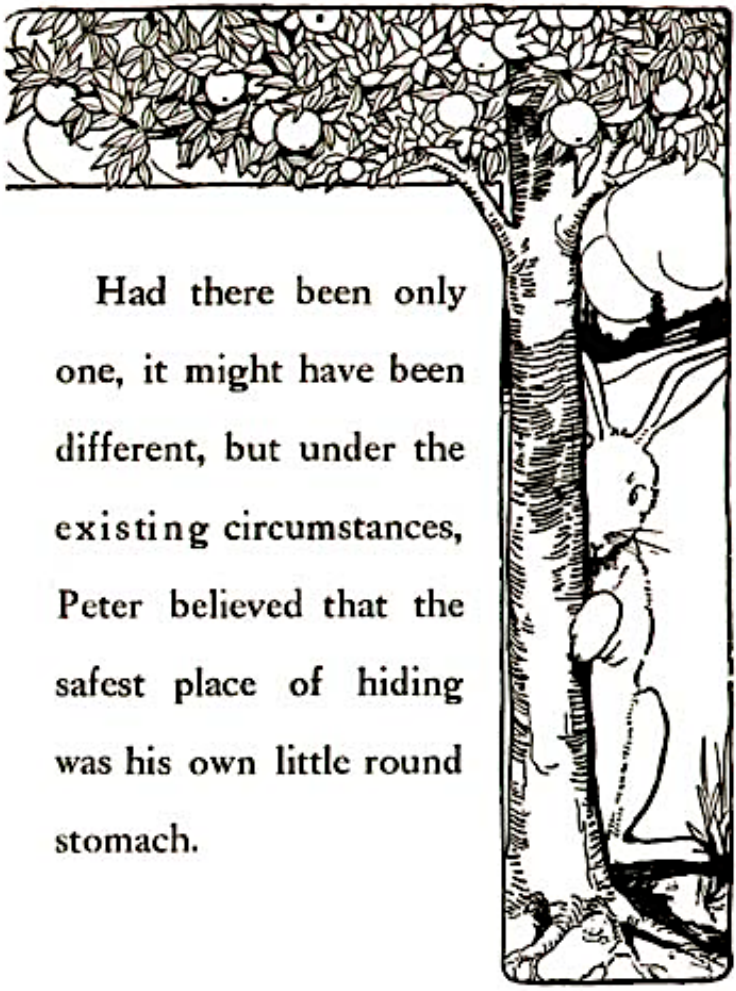

Had there been only one, it might have been different, but under the existing circumstances, Peter believed that the safest place of hiding was his own little round stomach.

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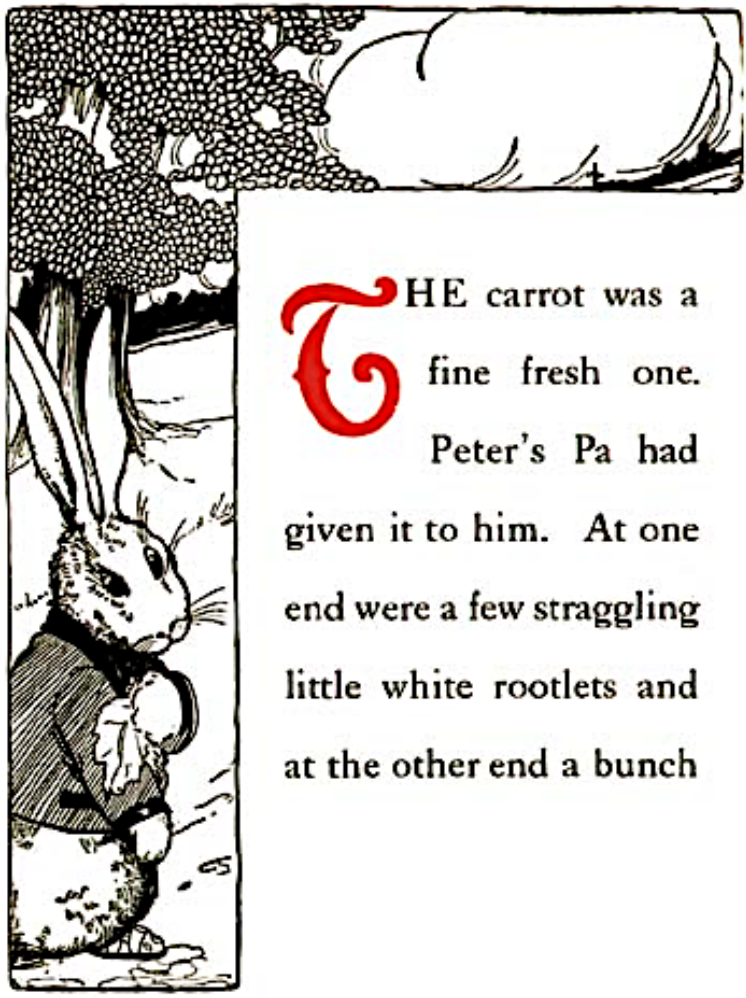

THE carrot was a fine fresh one. Peter's Pa had given it to him. At one end were a few straggling little white rootlets and at the other end a bunch

of slim, green sprouts. Peter nipped off the roots first, reserving the tender young sprouts for dessert. Then he nibbled off all the outer skin, eating round and round as one does in peeling an apple.

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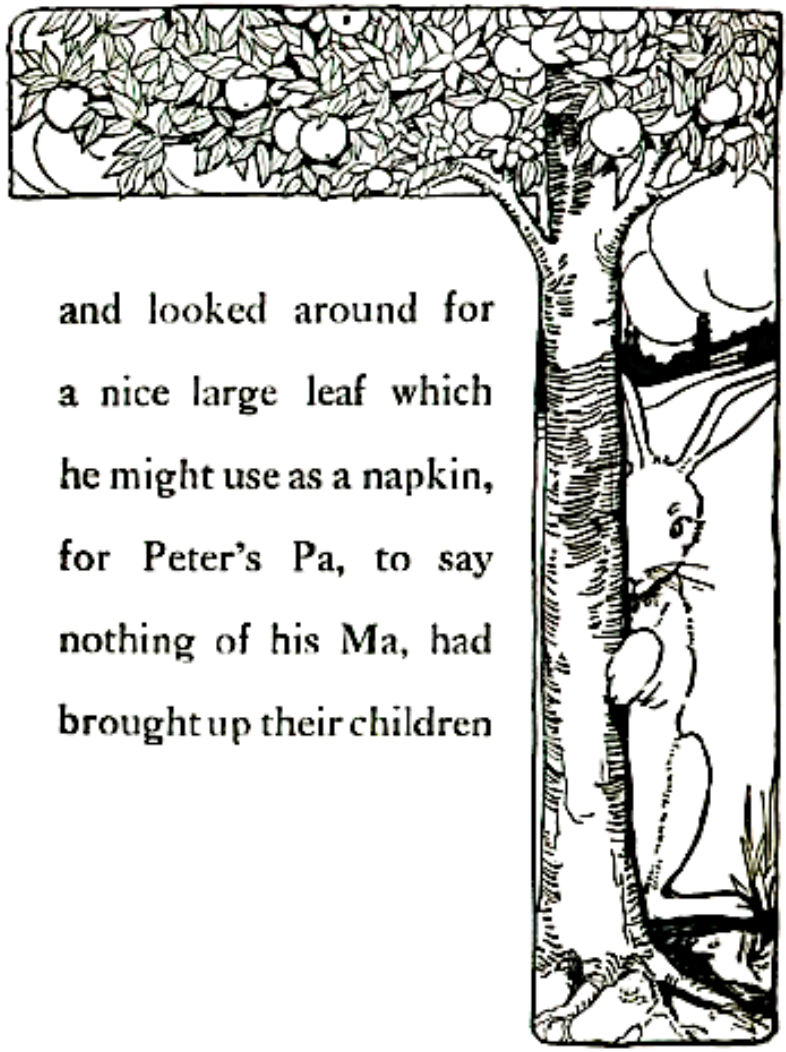
FINALLY when he had finished every scrap, he sat up on his haunches



and looked around for a nice large leaf which he might use as a napkin, for Peter's Pa, to say nothing of his Ma, had brought up their children

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TO be very particular
in the observance of
table manners.

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Peter Rabbit & His Pa

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JUST across the road Peter spied a number of mullein stalks with their large, fuzzy leaves, and thither he hurried, for

surely a fuzzy mullein leaf is the best table napkin in the world for a fuzzy bunny like Peter Rabbit.

AND after he had carefully wiped his lips and his paws, he undid the lower button of his jacket, for it was beginning to feel rather tight. Indeed, the carrot had been a big one.

It was very warm and the long road looked white and dusty.

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A CART drawn by an old white horse passed slowly along.

The horse kicked up a great deal of dust

Peter Rabbit & His Pa

which set Peter to sneezing.

Safe under a big mullein leaf, nobody saw him but the old white horse, and after he and the cart had passed out of sight, Peter trotted out into the road and

carefully brushed his neat blue coat and wiped the dust from his trim little shoes.

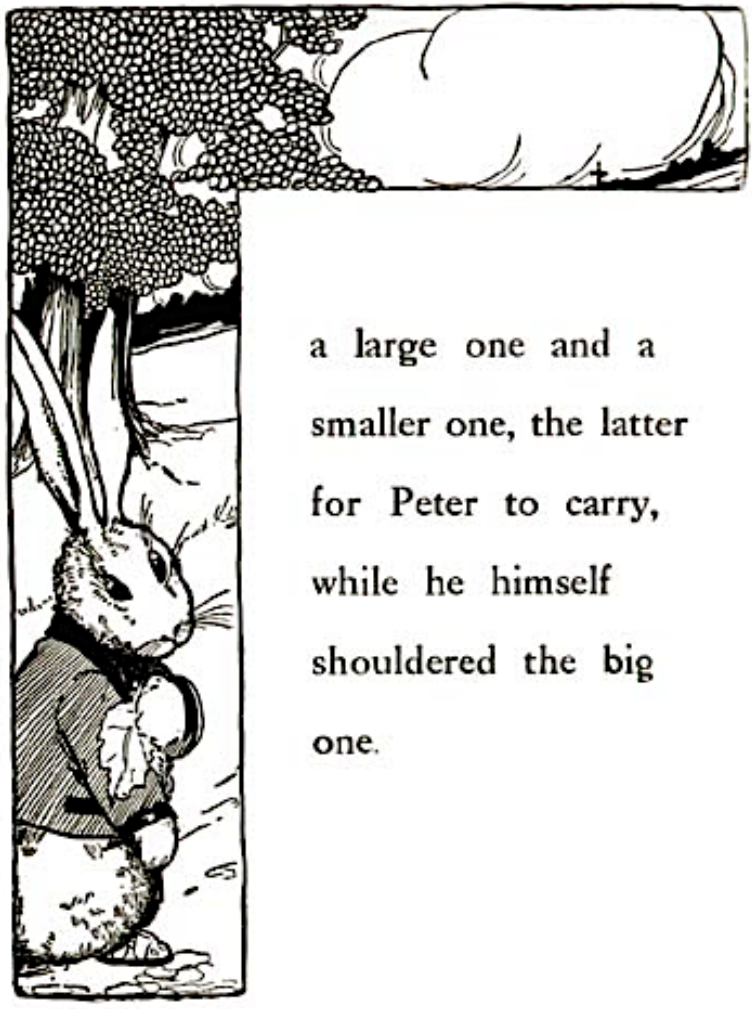
His coat had a velvet collar and brass buttons and was very fine indeed.

When he had made himself tidy and smart again, he trotted back

home, for he had caught a glimpse of his Pa, and thought that perhaps there might be something afoot for his own amusement.

And he thought right for his Pa was all ready to go a-marketing, and had

Brought out two baskets,



a large one and a smaller one, the latter for Peter to carry, while he himself shouldered the big one.

NOW when bunnies go to market, it does not of necessity mean that they visit various shops.

In fact, Peter was not at all surprised when his Pa informed him that they were going

To Farmer Smiths' field.

Peter knew that field very well indeed, and his Pa now briskly led the way.

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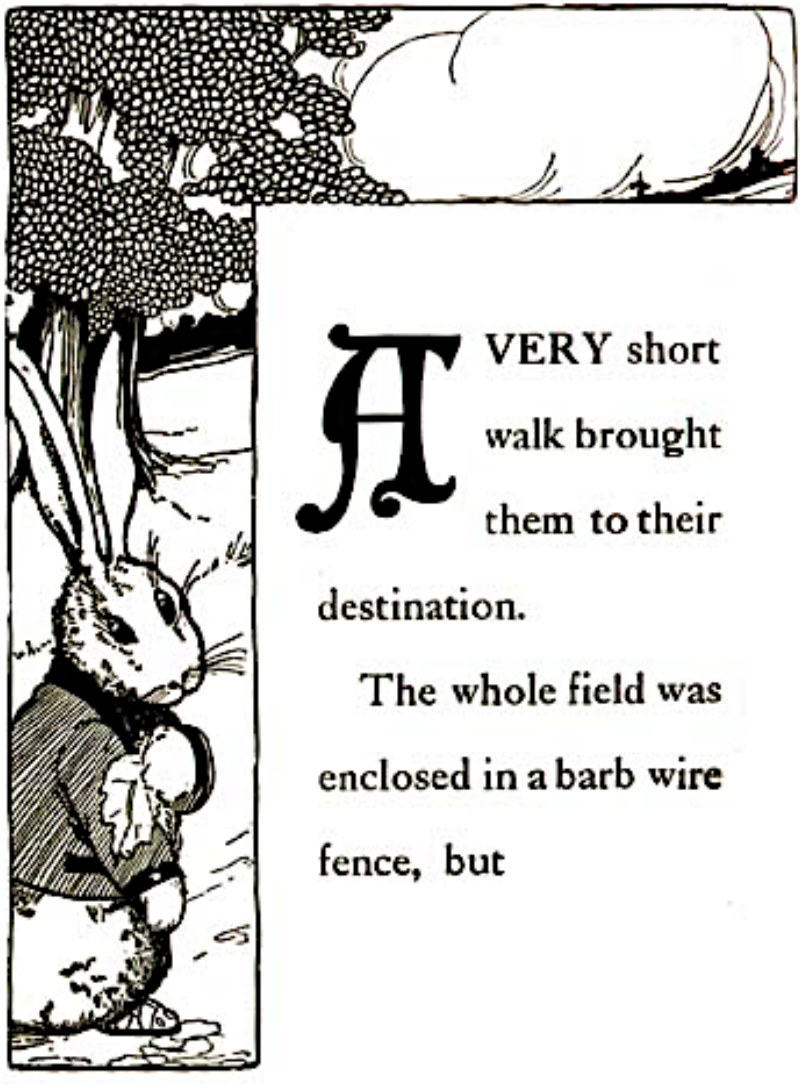
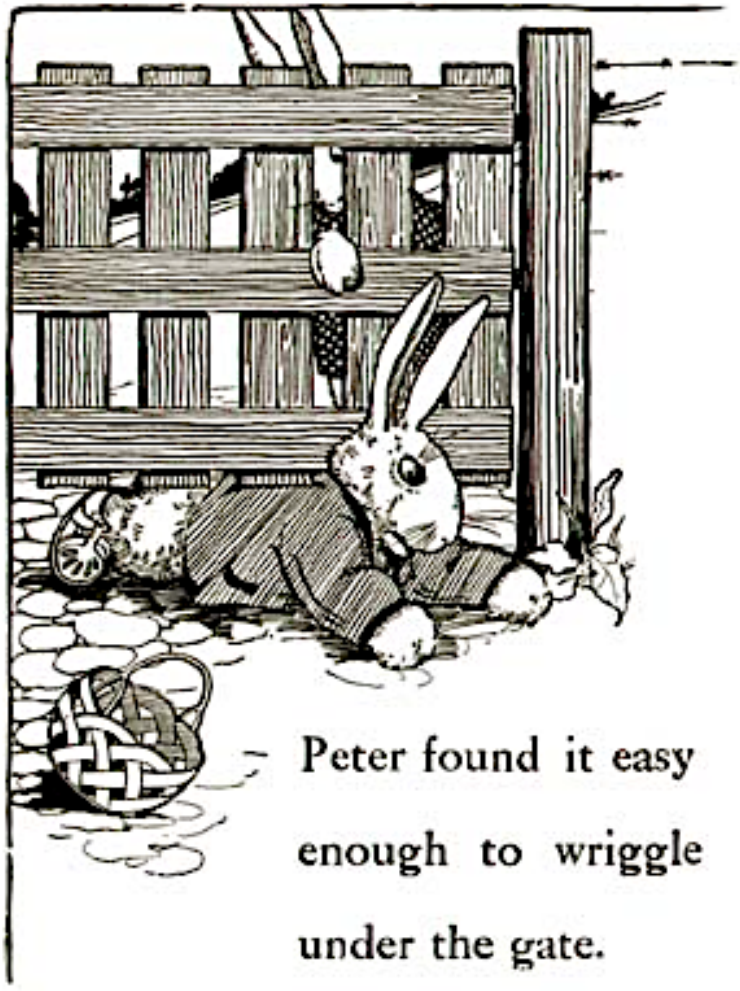


A VERY short walk brought them to their destination.

The whole field was enclosed in a barb wire fence, but



Peter found it easy enough to wriggle under the gate.

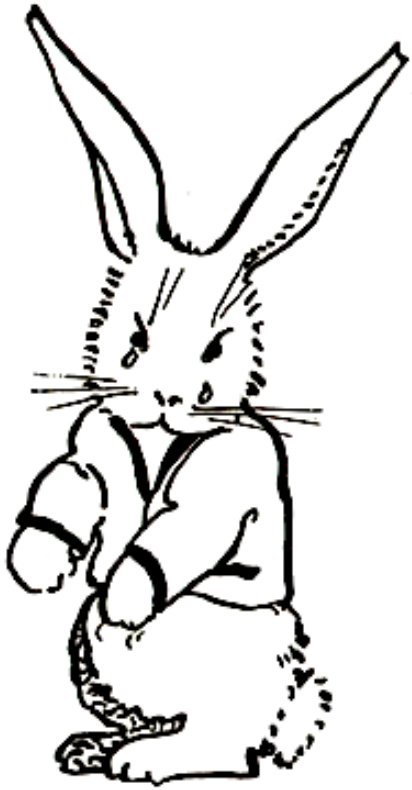
AT least it would have been easy enough had it not been for the carrot. Anyway, he managed it all right, and then turned around to see how his Pa was coming on.

Now Peter's Pa was several times larger then Peter, besides which it was just after dinner, and he realized it was this fact to the full

When he had wriggled himself half under the gate.

FOR he found it impossible to get any further, although Peter flew to help him and pulled and tugged with all his might. But there he stuck and at length, with the greatest difficulty, succeeded in backing out again.

No doubt he would have gone home completely disheartened had not an old crow who had been watching the whole performance suddenly sung out:



WHY don't you
open the
gate?"

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AND as the latch was low, Peter's Pa accomplished this feat without any trouble.

The field was planted with rows and rows of corn, on which the crow had been feasting, but which did not especially appeal to Peter's Pa. So they went on to the next field that was full of

great, splendid cabbages, and further on peas, beans, turnips and carrots.

"Fine, fresh cabbages,
Tra,
La,
La!"
sang Peter.

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BUT the words were hardly out of his mouth before he sprang back in terror.

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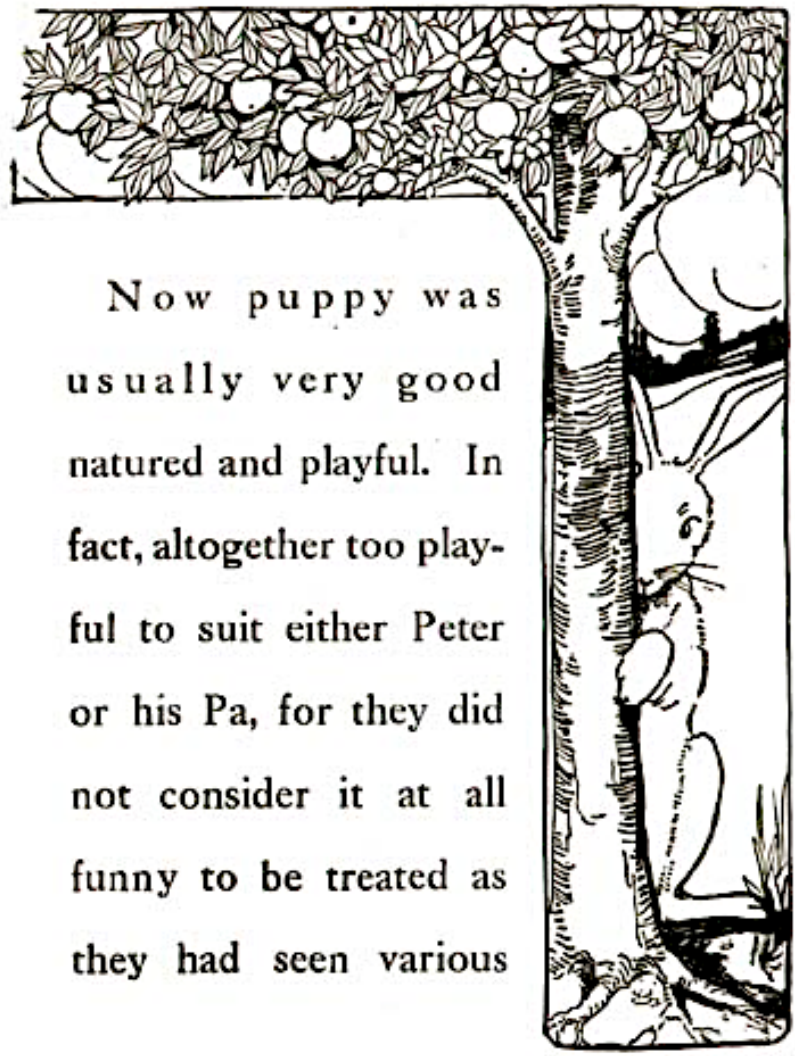
Peter Rabbit & His Pa

For right up in front of him suddenly rose up, from behind a big cabbage where he had been enjoying a fine mutton bone that he had dragged from the farmhouse kitchen, Farmer Smith's big collie pup.



Now puppy was usually very good natured and playful. In fact, altogether too playful to suit either Peter or his Pa, for they did not consider it at all funny to be treated as they had seen various

articles that it had run off with and proceeded to dispose of at its leisure.

Therefore when the puppy advanced upon them with short, sharp barks, tumbling all over himself in his efforts to be friendly, Peter and his Pa

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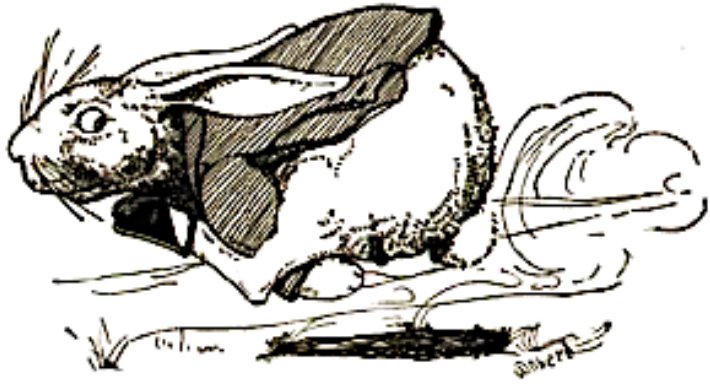


TOOK to their heels

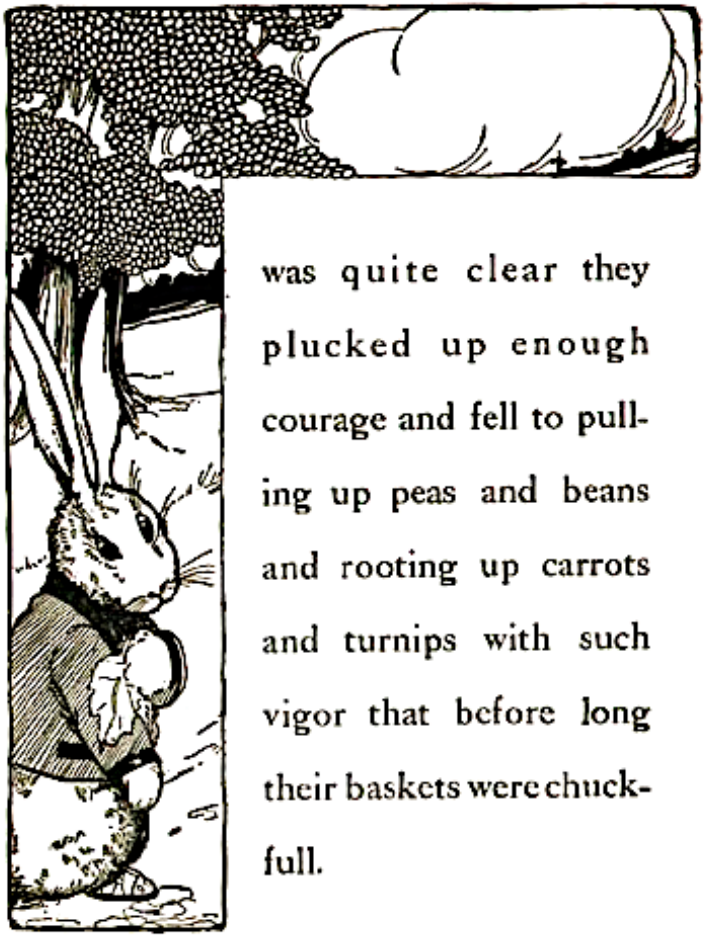
and made very good time toward the further end of the field, while the puppy returned to his bone, very much astonished at the queer behavior of Mr. Rabbit and son.

The two kept on running as fast

as ever they could until they were forced to stop for sheer want of

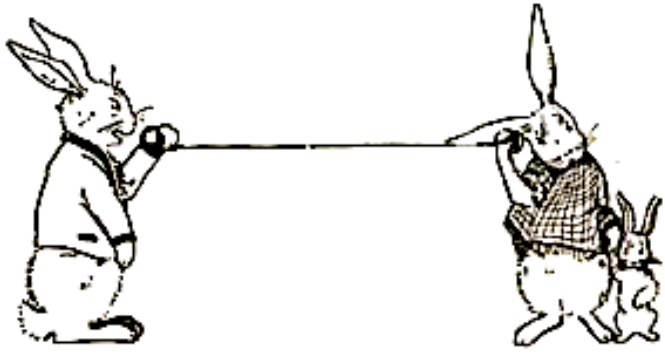
breath, when they both sat down, trembling all over and frightened almost to death.

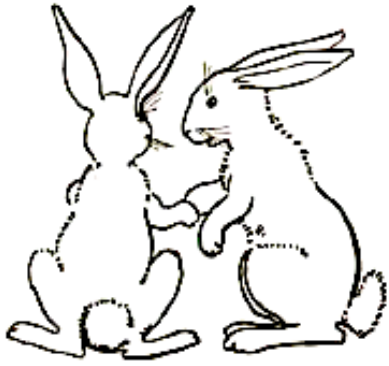
But presently finding that they were not pursued and that the coast



was quite clear they plucked up enough courage and fell to pulling up peas and beans and rooting up carrots and turnips with such vigor that before long their baskets were chuck-full.

HAVING gathered all that they could carry, they set out for home, and as there was a gate at the top of the field, they decided to come out that way and walk home through the woods.





No sooner said than done, for neither of of them would on any account have risked meeting the puppy again.

Peter, who came behind, presently threw out a handful of peas. This lightened his load for a little.

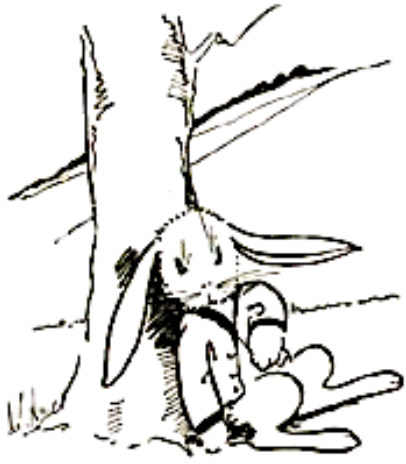
but after a while his basket felt just as heavy as ever. So he threw out another handful, and then another and another until his basket was quite empty.

Now it was very warm indeed, so presently Peter's Pa suggested that they should rest a bit, and take a little nap, to which Peter joyfully consented,

placing his basket behind a tree
where his Pa could not see it plainly.
Then when his Pa was fast asleep,

He quickly dumped half the contents

of his basket into his own,



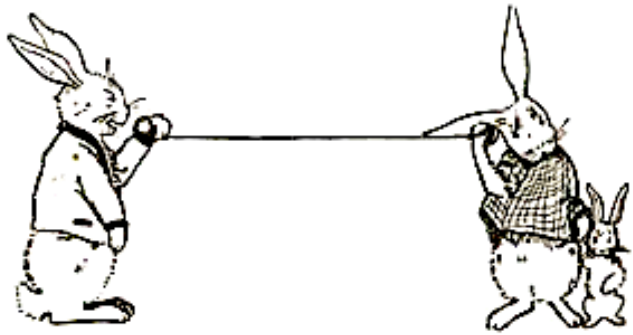
and then he lay down and slept very soundly himself.

At last when Peter's Pa woke up, he cried out very angrily, "Peter! Peter! the birds have carried away at least half of

our peas and beans!"

To which Peter said neither yes nor no.

But that was the story that Peter's Ma heard when she found that there were not peas enough to go around for supper.



THE END

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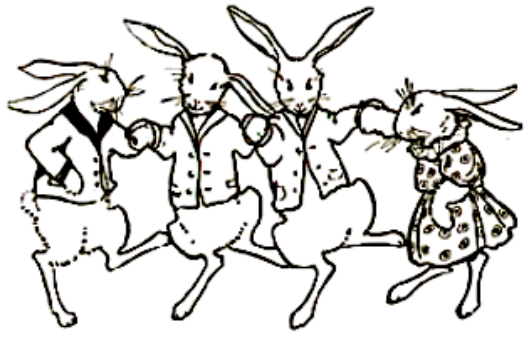
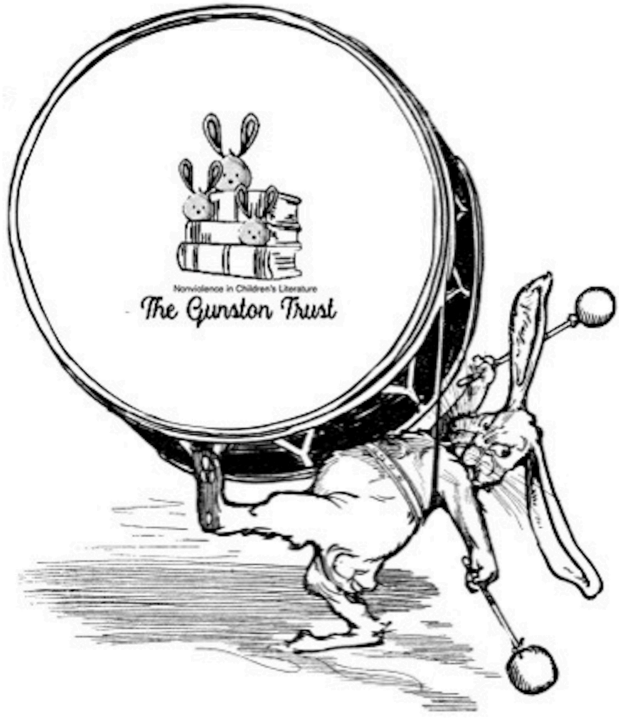


Peter Rabbit & His Pa



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